

BATT upon BATT.

A

POEM

UPON

The Parts, Patience, and Pains

OF

Barth. Kempster,

CLERK, POET, CUTLER,

OF

Holy-Rood-Parish in Southampton.

By a Person of Quality.

To which is Annexed the VISION,
Wherein is described *Batt's* Person and Ingenuity;
With an Account of the Ancient and Present
STATE and GLORY of *Southampton*.
By the same AUTHOR.

The Fifth Edition.

Dedicated to the Gentry of *Hampshire*, for their Diversion:
But more especially to the Inhabitants of *Southampton*.

LONDON: Printed for *Samuel Crouch*, at the Corner
of *Pope's-Head-Alley* next *Cornhill*. 1706.

BATT upon BATT.

POEM

UPON

The Pass, Patient and Pain

OF

Barth Kempner

Chief Post Cutler

OF

Holy-Rood-Temple in Southampton

By a Poet of the same

To which is added the VISION
Written in the Year of the
With an Account of the Ancient and Present
STATE and GLORY of the
BY THE SAME AUTHOR



Printed by J. Johnson, in Pall-mall
LONDON: Printed by J. Johnson, in Pall-mall
1793

THE
PRINTER
TO THE
General Reader,
GREETING;

But more especially the CLERKS of
Parish-Churches throughout the King-
dom of *England*, Dominion of *Wales*,
and Town of *Berwick* upon *Tweed*.

FOR your better understanding
the Occasion of the Author's
writing this ensuing POEM, I must
tell you; That Rhyming BATT
(like the Bell-man of this Town
at Christmas) made some Heroick
Stanza's upon the Author; who,
in Requital and Gratitude, composed
these following VERSES.

PRINTER

OF THE

General Reader

GREETING

Particularly the CLERGY of
various Churches throughout the Kingdom
of England, Dominion of Wales,
and Town of Berwick upon Tyne.

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FOR THE
the Edition of the
the copy of the
the following BATT
the Bellman of the Town
the (Lithographer) made some Holograph
the Author; who
the Request and Commands, composed
the following Verses.

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Batt upon Batt.

To the laud and praise of *Bartholomew Kempster,*

Clerk, Poet, Cutler, of *Holy-Roods* in *Southampton.*

HAD I! O had I! *Batt*, thy face and throat,
 Could I betune the Flock with such sweet note,
 Could I with equal Metre *Hopkins* fit,
 Out-*Sternbold*, *Sternbold*, Wisdom eke outwit;
 Then would I venture to set forth thy Praise,
 And rob Church-Pews to crown thy Head with Bays.

Or had I for thy sake the Triple-sconce
 Of *Cerberus*, to bark three ways at once,
 Clerk, Poet, Cutler, Baw, waw, waw, besides
 That Cardinal Vertue, for on Mules it rides,
 Patience I mean, in which thou dost excel,
 As all thy Neighbours and thy Wife can tell;
 Three Trumps then would I sound to thy Renown,
 And from thy Fame immortalize my own.

Ingenious *Batt*! by Trade and Nature fit,
 To set an Edge both on our Knives and Wit.
Vulcan, they say, made mighty Arms for *Mars*,
 (Cuckolds are kind) but he ne'r made a Verse.
Apollo he made Verses, but in's Life
 I never heard that er'e he made a Knife.
 Now *Batt* does all that both these Gods could do;
 Hammers out Verses, and hard Iron too.

To sheath strong sense in Metaphorick words,
 Is but the making Scabbards for his Swords.

He is a two fac'd Pump, whose Spouts do run
 Smith's water one way, & other, *Helicon*.

Have

Have you not seen the thing our Butler uses,
 With cabin'd belly, things call'd double Cruises
 The right side Vinegar, the left holds Oyl;
 The Emblem's *that* of Wit, and *this* of Toyl.
 Such is the Skull of *Batt*, in which the Brains
 Are parted into Poetry and Pains.

He writes and works so equally, you'd think
 One Cheek were black'd with Smoak, & other with Ink.

Thrice happy temper! for what makes our Life
 More pleasant than a good Wit and good Knife?
 Without their help, who can good *Christmas* keep?
 Our Teeth would water, and our Eyes would weep:
 Hunger and Dulness would invade our Feasts,
 Did not *Batt* find us Arms against such Guests.
 He is the cunning Engineer, whose Skill
 Makes Tools to carve the Goose, and shape the Quill
 Fancy and Wit unto our Meals supplies;
 Carols, and not minc'd meat, make *Christmas* Pies.
 'Tis Mirth, not Dishes, sets a Table off;
 Brutes and Phanaticks eat and never laugh.

VVhat man of Teeth then can be so ingrate,
 To slice Roast-beef, and not remember *Batt*?
 When Brawn with powdred Wig comes swaggering in,
 And mighty Sergeant ushes in the Chine,
 What ought a wise man first to think upon?
 Have I my Tools? if not, I am undone:
 For 'tis a Law concerns both Saint and Sinner,
 That he that hath no Knife, must have no Dinner.
 So he falls on; Pig, Goose, and Capon feel
 The goodness of his Stomach, and *Batt's* Steel.
 In such fierce Frays, alas, there no Remorse is;
 All Flesh is Grass, which makes men eat like Horses;
 But when the Battle's done, off goes the Hat,
 And each man sheaths, with God-a-mercy *Batt*.

So when the Mistress cannot hit the Joynt,
 Which proves sometimes, you know, a difficult point,
 Think on a Cuckold, straight the Gossips cry:
 But think on *Batt's* good Carving-knife, say I;

That

That still nicks sure, without offence and scandal:
 Dull Blades may be beholding to their Handle;
 But those *Batt* makes are all so sharp, they scorn
 To be so charmed by his Neighbour's Horn.
 When I the Edges of his Ware have seen,
 (Seen they could not be, they were all so keen)
 When I have found their Temper all so good,
 From the long Rapier to the Oyster-spud;
 Happy, thrice happy 'tis, I us'd to say,
 For all Mankind, who wish for length of day.
 That *Batt* no Cutler is unto the Fates;
 His Sheers would cut our Threads off at strange rates:
 Snip, — 'tis no more; there's work for *Batt*, and die
 We must, to find him Cakes and Elegy.

O mortal men! is Eating all you do
 At Christ-tide? or the making Sing songs? No:
 Our *Batt* can dance, play at high Jinks with Dice,
 At any Primitive Orthodoxal Vice.
 Shooing the wild Mare, tumbling the Young Wenches,
 Drinking all Night, and Sleeping on the Benches.
 I'll say that for him, were he to be hang'd,
 He is as true a Blade as ever twang'd.
 Shew me a man can shuffle fair and cut,
 Yet always have three Trays in hand at Putt;
 Shew me a man can turn up Noddy still,
 And deal himself three Fives too when he will:
 Concludes with One and Thirty, and a Pair?
 Never fails Ten in Stock, and yet plays fair.
 If *Batt* be not that VVight, I loose my aim;
 If any else pretend unto the same,
 And say we dare not match him for a Pot,
 They lye — provided *Batt*'s VVife knew it not.

Hark the Bells toll at *Holy-Roads*; away
 To Church, this is *Batt*'s Exercising day.
 He's sally'd out from sign of Pole and Balon,
 VVith Clergy Cloak, clean Band, and Sunday face on.
 Some commend Eunuchs chanting in the Quire,
 But how they should learn Prick song, I admira.

Some praise their Skill who in white Surplice sing,
 Fa, la, fa, sol, Anthems, or some such thing :
 But let them not our smutty Clerk despise ;
 Blackbirds still whistle better than Magpies.
 Their charming Trills and Thrombo's must give place,
 To the melodious Consort of *Batt's* face ;
 Where Eyes and Nose, Mouth, Beard, and Chin agree
 In each sweet Note : A Quire themselves they be ;
 And better Musick it most times appears,
 To see his Strains, than hear the best of theirs.

Then at the Godly Twang, the two last Sta-aves,
 Without which, Service is but done by halves :
 Compar'd to him, what are they ? such a thing
 As is his Bell-rope to a Fiddle-string ;
 No more like him for Goggle, Snuff, and Groan,
 Than blind *Batt* is to *Batt*, with four Eyes on.

Search the Cathedrals, Colledges, and Halls,
 All Churches, Chappels, Meeting-houses, Stalls ;
 Summon all men of edifying Voice,
 From Deans and Chapters, to the Singing-boys,
 Chaplain, and Vicar, Lecturers to boot :
 Nay, that our Challenge may be brave and stout,
 Take in th'Apprentice by Indenture bound,
 On every Sabbath-day the seven years round,
 To spell his Master fast asleep, and then
 Hem——till he wakes, and gaping, cries——Amen.

If any (bar mistakes) with greater pace
 Can read the Chapters, let'em take *Batt's* place.

Well then, put on thy Eyes and look about thee :
 Do what we can, we can do nought without thee :
 Let's woo and woo, and gain good will, VVhat then ?
 It comes to nothing, till thou say Amen.
 No VVoman can be Church'd, till *Batt* appear ;
 A Christening is no Christening, 'less he's there.
 VVithout his help, *Moll*, *Betty*, *Tom*, and *Will*,
 Sweet Babes, God knows had all been Cakebread still.
 If any well disposed Person is sick
Batt's sent to ; Collects cheaper are than Physick :

To say the truth on't, *Batt*, no Man can be
 With credit hang'd, without thy facultie :
 For who without a Plalm doth take a swing,
 Dies like a Dog ; hang him, he would not sing :
 But who turns off in time, 's a proper man,
 And, *Batt*, thy Knife may cut him down agen.

Nay, were I to be buried for my life,
 And all the learned Parish-Clerks at strife
 Who should the Shovel shake, *Batt* should be he,
 Or else be buried who would for me.
 He can go through the work, and close my Grave
 Not with Dust only, but an Epitaph.

Then, in a word, he is the noblest Blade
 That ever grac'd the Wheel and Whetstone Trade ;
 The Organ of our Church, the greatest Lay-man
 That ever solemnly squeez'd out A---men.
 He is the Wit, the Mirth, Religion,
 The very Life and Death of the whole Town.
 He is——Hold, Muse ! *Batt's Batt*, and so will be ;
 Should I say more, 'twould be *Battologie*.

The VISION.

HOld, hold my head ! O *Jove*, thou know'st my pain,
 When *Vulcan* was Man-Midwife to thy Brain,
 As *Batt* the better Workman is to mine ;
Batt ! thou that mak'st all the whole Parish whine,
 Come, tune my Fancy, as thou dost the Psalms,
 And with thy Bellows raise Poetick Flames.
 No Inkhorn will I dip in but thy Mouth,
 Where Wooll, black Wooll, fit for sad Purpose grow'th :
 But lest the doleful Theme should make it dry,
 We'll ser, that's Mourning too, a black Pot by.

Bright *Sol*, with Perriwig of curled Carrot,
 And a Face laccar'd or'e like his Chariot,
 The cheerful Author of all Wit and Light,
 But what the Bell-man stalks with in the Night,

Had drove the Stage-Coach to the place of rest,
 Drest all his Horses, and himself undrest,
 With Nights black Stockin had becap't his head
 And softly crept to Madam *Tbetis* bed :
 Where, what he did, I think I need not name ;
 VVe Mortals, by his influence, do the same.

'Twas then, just then, soft slumber seiz'd mine Eye,
 I wink'd, and winking Men most Visions spie !
 VVhen to my Fancy (what can't Fancy do ?)
 Appear'd a sary sad, and full of woe: *Barr's Person described.*
 Bald was his Crown, bristly was his Beard ;
 I saw no Horns, but he was over-ear'd.
 Grief had so sunk his Eyes, that through each hold
 Methought I could look quite through to his Pole.
 In his Dark lanthorn-face, Nose stood for handle,
 And a white Tooth supply'd the inch of Candle.

A Cloak upon one shoulder hangs as thin,
 But not so black as was the VVearer's skin :
 To which compar'd, Charcoal and Jet seem'd wan ;
 'Twould make deep Mourning for an *African*.
 A piece of dirty stretching Leather fac'd
 His Breast ; an Apron, or his Conscience was't ?
 He crivell'd Ink, from Nostrils Tar distill'd ;
 Piss'd Coffee, and with Pitch his Hole full-fill'd.
 No Fumes from looty Hypochondria sent,
 Could a more dismal Vision represent,

At first approach, in sweat and tear I laid,
 And softly *Fee faa summ* thrice over said.
 Enchanted s^r, Devil, what art I cry'd ;
 Your very humble Servant, he reply'd.
 I am the God of Wit in *Malquerade*,
 The grand Improver of the Rhyming Trade ;
 Mechanick Fancy, a true *Greshamite*,
 One that can sing, file, hammer, and indire.
 Or if you would in Modern Language know it,
 I am a Philo-pyro technical Poet.

Surcease to wonder, reaking Mortals, that here,
 I do appear in Elegiack Tatter.

Grief, grief 'tis brings me unto thee to waite,
 Both as chief Mourner for *Batt's* dearest Mate,
 And to complain of this ungrateful Town,
 Which lets a Matron of so good Renown,
 An Alder-woman of the sacred hill,
 Die, without Tribute from each Goose's quill :
 One at whose Grave all Muses ought to meer,
 Like Swans, with paper-breasts and inky feet,
 And with sweet Ballad crown her godly life,
 The common right of every Poets Wife.

Hampton, O *Hampton*, in the days of yore,
 The lawful Pride of all the Southern shore,
 With all advantages of Nature grac'd,
 Betwixt the Arms of fair *Antona* plac'd;
 Guarded by Forrests both on Land and Sea,
 From Storms, and Man the ruder Enemy,
 By *Neptune* and his Argonauts carels'd,
 And all that were in Tarpawlin dress'd.
 Admir'd for Beauty, but for Riches more ;
 For nothing can be handsome that is poor.

Fertile in men of Valour and loud Fame,
 In Knights and Giants, as thy Gates proclaim,
 And gentle Poets, without whom those Wights
 Had got but little honour by their fights,
 Upon thy Banks fam'd *Sternhold* did compose
 Those two last Staves which *Batt* so oft doth nose. *Sternhold born in Hampton.*

Batt to thy Altars too sweet Metre brings:
 And makes as learned Anthems as he sings

Here once each Tradesman could both work and write;
 As Coblers whistle at it, they'd indite.

Invention was so pregnant, that oft-times
 Men would talk Poetry, that could not Rhymes.

Poems were pasted up in every Hall, *Formerly every house had so*
 As thick and thin as Cobwebs on the wall. *veral sacred Rhymes in it.*

Here you might view *Haman* in all his pride,
 Us'd like a Rogue, hang'd, and then Dittified.

Or the two Elders, Poets in their time,
 Tempting *Susanna* in *Battoick* Rhyme.
 Each Kitching, Parlor, Chamber, were all dress'd here
 With *Sampson*, *Joseph*, *Daniel*, or *Queen Hester*.
 No Room was thought well furnish'd for Converse,
 Till hung with Buckram paint and Buckram verse,
 Nay, I have seen a Ballad full of wit,
 Tore down to singe a Goose upon the Spit.

Bless'd Town! where did the God's ere grant before,
 That men might all be Poets, and not poor?
 A happiness ne'r in *Parnassus* known,
 Nor couldst thou, *Hampton*, call it long thy own:
 For Age, who like a Blood-hound, Glory traces
 And destroys Towns as well as handsome Faces,
 Hath made thee poor and dull like other places.
 Imp'd with swift wings, thy Beauty's fled away
 The very ruins of thy Pride decay.
 Thy Gates are mouldred, the Porticulis shew th,
 Like rotten Teeth in an old womans mouth.
 Walls, Forts and Towers into their Trenches slide;
 The Castle looks like a Nose Frenchified;
 As though in vain the Monsier heretofore
 Had made thee shift thy Lodging for a Cure. The Town being twice
by the French.

Whether are all thy winged Lovers flown,
 The mighty Carracks and great Gallion,
 With all that numerous train which did resort
 In Marine Coaches to thy crowded Port?
 They cease their Courtship now, and only own,
 Thou hast been once a rich and handsome Town;
 But time hath put a period to those days:
 Farewel; when Males grows old, the Gallant strays.

Nor art thou Bankrupt grown only in Trade,
 But oh, thy very Wits too are decay'd
 Whither are now the race of Chimers gone,
 Thy Quibble Squires, and Knights of *Holcon*?
 All the Wit-Jobbers are quite broke, they say
 Here's scarce one left that can at Crambo play.
 Nothing of Wit or Poetry remains,
 But thread-bare Coats, no Money, and crack'd Brains. Oh,

Oh, Heavens, how strange these alterations are ?
 Shall we want Ballads in a Country Fair ?
 The merry Fiddlers long since left the Town, There was formerly
 Musick for the
 Maye and Tyme
 And now of late the Gallows is broke down,
 Which by the ancient Charter still did use
 To furnish matter for the Tragick Muse.
 No wonder then if Poetry decay,
 When such Encouragements are ta'n away.

There was a time when not a Dog could die
 Within these Walls, without an Elegie. Batt made an Elegie
 upon Capt. Narbon's
 Dog Quondam
 A Dog of Note, I mean not every Dog
 Bred up to tug the nasty tail of Hog ;
 But such as Quondam, who liv'd in gentle fashion, The Dog died
 of a Clay.
 And di'd as Genteels do, of Recreation.
 But at Megg's Grave they now all silence keep, Batt made an
 Elegie upon his
 wife.
 As though they fear'd to awake her from her sleep.
 Not all the Market will afford a Verse
 To pin upon a Sister-Poets Herse.
 Poet by Marriage, so she claims that honour,
 As Madam hers, by a Knights lying on her
 Nay, Batt himself stands mute, as dull, and dead,
 As Friar Bacon's thrice neglected head.
 That Son of Fancy, got in Raptures, he
 Whose life and living is all Poetry,
 Who suck'd *Profodia* from his Mothers Teat,
 Till like a Caterpillar he was all Feet :
 A walking Ode, a Hymn of Ekes and Ayes,
 Whose Pulse is but the scanning of his days ;
 He who ne'r speaks nor thinks, but in true time ;
 Parts Epigrams, and snores 'um too in Rhyme ;
 He, stands disinspir'd, and some suppose,
 Intends to take his leave of her in Prose.

A tame wild beast of late, knowing he must,
 When he grew fat, be damn'd to Pasty-crust,
 Chose a more noble fate, and licking in
 Poyson, prevented the Cooks Rowling-pin.
 Heroick Act ! which noble Batt did scorn Batt made an Elegie
 upon Capt. Nar-
 bon's Buck;
 (Hoping to be rewarded with a Horn)

Should

Should unbewail'd in Rhyme Heroick go:
 And could not his own Dear oblige him so?
 Must Megg, the Wife of Batt, aged Eighty,
 Deceas'd November thirteenth, Seventy three,
 Be cast, like common Dust into the Pit,
 Without one line of Monumental wit?
 One Death's-head Distich, or Mortality-staff,
 With sense enough for Church-yard Epitaph?
 No stirrup-Verse at Grave before she go?
 Batt doth not use to part at Tavern so.
 Grief here prevailing, struck the Satyr dumb,
 Who twisting hard his dropping Nose with Thumb.
 Like one that turns a Conduit-cock about,
 To let the water gush more freely out;
 Methought I wept too then, and sighing said,
 Courage kind Gobling, tho' the Times are bad,
 And Wit's as scarce as Money, yet no doubt
 Fame will provoke some worthy Poet out,
 Who from her Story will renown his Pen.
 He kindly bow'd, and smiling said Amen.
 At which I woke, as Men at Sermons use,
 And heard Batt's knocking at the door for Dues.

*Batt, called
the Parson
Dues.*



F I N I S

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